Elizabetha quaſi viuens,

Eliza's Funerall.

A fewe Aprill drops,

ſhowred on the Hearſe of dead *Eliza.*

OR

The Funerall teares of a true hearted Subject.

By *H. P.*

LONDON

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The Induction.

I That obſcure haue wept till eyes be drye,
Will teach my pen another while to weep.
Obdurant hartes that they may mollifye,
For leſſe of her that now in peace doth ſleep.
Peace reſt with her, but ſorowe vvith my pen,
Till dead *Eliza* doth reuiue agen.

Amongſt high ſp'rited Paragons of vvit,
That mount beyond our earthlie pitch to fame,
Creepes forth my Muſe, ye great ones fauour it,
Take her not vp, alas she is too tame.
Sheel come to hand if you but lure her to you,
then vſe her kindly, for shele kindly woe you.

And if this Infant of mine art-leſſe braine,
paſſe with your ſweet aplauſe as ſome haue done
And meane good fauour of the learned gaine,

The Induction.

For showring teares vpõ *Eliza's* tombe. (yeres
my Muſe ſhall hatch ſuch breed whẽ she's of
ſhall bring you cõfort & dry vp your teares.

The laſt of many, yet not the leaſt of all,
Sing I a heauie dirdge for our late Queene:
And ſinging, mourne *Eliza's* Funerall,
The *E perſe* of all that e're haue beene.
She was, she is, and euermore ſhall bee,
the bleſſed Queene of ſweet eternitie.

With her in heauen remaines her fame: on earth
Each moderne Poet that can make a verſe
Writes of *Eliza*, euen at their Muſes birth.
Then why not I weeepe on *Eliza's* Herſe?
Som-where in *England* ſhall my lines go ſleep
till *England* read, and (*England* reading) weepe.

Eliza's Funerall.

THen withered the Primroſe of delight,
Hanging the head o're Sorowes garden wall:
When you might ſee all pleaſures ſhun the light,
And liue obſcuer at *Eliza's* fall.
Her fall from life to death, oh ſtay not there!
Thogh ſhe were dead, the ſhril tong'd trump of heauen
Rais'd her againe, think that you ſee her heere:
Euen heere! oh where? not heere, ſhee's hence bereaue
For ſweet *Eliza* in *Elyzium* liues,
In ioy beyond all thought. Then weepe no more,
Your ſighing weedes put off, for weeping giues
(Wayling her loſſe) a ſeeming to deplore
Our future toward fortunes, mourne not then:
You ceaſt awhile but now you weep agen.

Why

Why ſhould a ſoule in paſsion be deny'd
To haue true feeling of her eſſence miſſe?
My ſoule hath loſt her ſelfe now deified, (bliſſe.
I needs muſt moane her loſſe, though crowned with
Then giue me leaue, for I muſt weep a-while,
Till ſorowes deludge haue a lower ebbe,
Let lamentation neuer finde a ſtile
To paſſe this dale of woe, vntill the webbe
Appointed for my lateſt mourning weed
Be ſpun and wouen with a heauye hand.
Then will I ceaſe to weep, I will indeed,
And euery beating billowe will withſtand.
T'will not he long before this web be ſpun,
Dy'd blacke, worne out & then my teares be done.

Of

Of Aprils month the eight and twentith day,
M. Sixe hundred three, by computation:
Is the prefixed time for ſorrowes ſtay.
That paſt: my mourning weedes grow out of faſhion.
Shall I by prayer haſten on the time?
Faine would I ſo, becauſe mine eyes are drie,
What cannot prayers do for ſoules diuine,
Although the bodies be mortallitie?
Diuine ſhe is for whome my Muſe doth morne,
Though lately mortall, now ſhe ſits on hie,
Glorious in heauen, thither by Angells borne,
To liue with them in bliſſe eternally.
Then come faire day of ioyfull ſmiling ſorrow,
Since my teares dry, come happie day to morrow.

Eliza's Funerall.

Yee Herralds of my heart, my heauie groanes,
My teares which if they could, wold ſhowre like raine
My heauie lookes and all my ſurdging mones,
My mooning lamentations that complayne
When will you ceaſe, or ſhall paine, neuer-ceaſing
Seaze on my heart? oh mollifie your rage,
Leaſt your aſſaults with ouer-ſwift increaſing,
Procure my death, or call on tymeles age.
She liues in peace who me I do morne for ſo,
She liues in heauen, and yet my ſoule laments.
Since ſhee's ſo happie, Ile conuert my woe
To preſent ioy, turne all my languiſhments.
And with my ſorrowes ſee the time doth waſt,
The day is come, and mid-day welnigh paſt.

Gaze

Gaze greedy eye: note what thou doſt beholde:
Our horizon is of a perfect hew,
As cleere as chriſtall, and the day not olde:
Yet thouſand blacks preſent them to to thy view,
Three thouſand and od hundred clowds appere,
Vpon our earthly Element belowe
As blacke as night, trampling the lower Sphere,
As by degrees from place to place they goe.
They paſſe away, oh whether paſt they then?
Into a further clymat out of ſight,
Like clowds they were, but yet like clowded men,
Whoſe preſence turn'd the day to ſable night.
They vaniſh thence, note what was after ſeene,
The liuely figure of a late dead Queene.

Who like to Phœbus in his golden Car,
Was the bright eye of that obſcured day:
And though her glorious prograce was not far,
Yet like the ſmiling Sunne this ſemblaunce lay.
Drawne in a letty Charryot vayl'd with blacke,
By foure faire Palfraies that did hang the head
As if their Lady-Miſtris they did lacke,
And they but drew the figure of the dead.
Oh yee ſpectators which did view that ſight!
Say if you truly ſay, could you refraine
To ſhed a ſea of teares in deaths deſpight,
That reft her hence, whom Art brought backagaine?
He that knew her and had *Eliza* ſeene, (Queene.
Would ſweare that figure were faire Englands

Faire

Faire Englands Queene, euen to the life thogh dead,
Speake if I write not true, did you not crye?
Cry foorth amaine and ſay, her Princely head
Lay on a pillow of a crimſon dye,
Like a ſweet beauty in a harmleſſe ſlumber:
She is not dead, no ſure it cannot be,
Thus with vnlikely hopes, the vulger number
Flatter themſelues (oh ſweet lyu'd flattery.)
Indeed a man of iudgment would haue thought,
Had he not knowne her dead (but ſeene her ſo
Tryumphant drawne in robes ſo richly wrought,
Crowne on her head, in hand her Scepter too)
At this rare ſight he would haue ſworne and ſayd,
To Parliament rides this ſweet ſlumbring Maide.

But that my warrant's ſeald by truthes one hand,
That in her counterfeitt Art did excell:
I would not ſay that in this little land,
Pigmalions equall doth admired dwell.
Enough of that, and now my teares adone,
Since ſhe that dy'd liues now aboue the Spheres,
Luna's extinct, and now beholde a Sunne
Whoſe beames ſoake vp the moyſture of all teares.
A *Phœnix* from her aſhes doth ariſe,
A King at whoſe faire Crowne all glory aymes.
God graunt his royall virtues ſimpathize,
Which late *Eliza's*, ſo God ſaue King *Iames*.
He that in loue to this ſayes not Amen,
Pray God the villaine neuer ſpeake agen. Amen.

FINIS.

The order and formall proceeding at the Funerall of the moſt high, renovvned, famous and mighty Princeſſe, *Elizabeth* of *England*, *Fraunce* and *Ireland*, late Queene: from White-hall to the Cathedrall Church of Weſtminſter. The 28. of Aprill, 1603.

Before thou read'ſt, prepare thine eyes to weepe,
If that thine eyes containe one liquid teare:
Or if thou canſt not mourne, fall dead in ſleepe,
For naught but death ſuch ſorrow can out-weare.
Twill grieue hereafter ſoules as yet vnborne,
That one ſoules loſſe, did make ſo many morne.

Did make ſo many mourne? oh heauie time
That brought a Period to her happie life.
But cruell death, the fatall ſtroke was thine,
Her loſſe is ours, heauen thereby gaines a wife.
Yet had not ſin bin hug'd in th' armes of Pride,
England had ſmu'd, and heauen loſt a Bride.
But now, oh now, our mourning weedes are on,
And many thouſand blacks for her are worne:
Which do demonſtrat that Eliza's *gone,*
For whoſe vntimely loſſe ſo many morne.
What theſe ſad mourners are, good reader ſeet
And ſeeing reade, and reading weepe with me.

First, Knight Marſhals men to make roome.
Then followed 15. poore men.
Next, 260. poore women.
Then, Seruants of Gentlemen, Eſquires, & Knights.
Two Porters.
Four Trumpeters.
Roſe, purſeuant at Armes.
Two Sergeants at Armes.
The Standerd of the *Dragon.*
Two Querries leading a horſe couered in blacke cloth.
Meſſengers of the Chamber.
Children, Of the Almondry.
Children of the Woodyard.

Chil-

Children of the Scullery.
Children and Furners of the Paſtry, Scalding houſe, and Larder.
Then folowed Groomes, being:
Wheat-porters.
Coopers.
Wine-porters.
Conducts in the Bake-houſe.
Bel-ringer.
Maker of ſpice-bags
Cart-takers, choſe by ỳ boord
Long Carts.
Cart-takers.
Of the Almery.
Of the Stable,
Woodyard.
Scullery.
Paſtry.
Scalding-houſe.
Poultrye.
Caterye.
Boyling-houſe.
Larder.
Kitchin.
Lawndrie.
Ewerie.
Confectionary.
Waferie.
Chaundrye.
Pitcher-houſe.
Buttrie.
Se'ler.
Pantrye.
Bake-houſe.
Counting-houſe.
Then, Noble-mens and Embaſſadours ſeruants. and,
Groomes of the Chamber.

Foure Trumpeters.
Blewemantle.
A Sergeant at Armes.
The Standerd of the *Greyhound*
Two Querries leading a horſe
Yeomen: being
Seruitors in the Hall.
Cart-takers.
Porters.
Almonrye.
Herbengers.
Wood-yard.
Scullery.
Paſtrye.
Poultrye & Scalding-houſe.
Purueyers of the Poultrye.
Purueyers of the Acatrie.
Stable.
Boyling-houſe.
Larder.
Kitchin.
Ewerye.
Confectionarye.
Waferye.
Purueyer of the Waxe.

Tallow.

Tallow-Chandler.
Chaundrye.
Pitcher-houſe.
Brewers.
Butterye.
Purueyers.
Seller.
Pantrye.
Garneter.
Bake-houſe.
Counting-houſe.
Spicerye.
Chamber.
Robes.
Wardrobe.
Erles and Counteſſes ſeruants.

Foure Trumpeters.

Porcullis.

A Sergeant at Armes.
The Standerd of the *Lyon*.
Two Quarries leading a horſe trapped with blacke veluet.
Sergeant of th. Veſtrie.
Gentlemen of the Chappel in Copes, hauing the Children of the Chappel in the middle of their company, in ſurplices, all of them ſinging.

Clarkes.

Deputie Clarke of the market.
Clarkes extraordinarye.

Cofferer.
Dyet.
M. Cooke for the houſholde.
Paſtrie.
Larder.
Scullerye.
Wood-yard.
Poultrye.
Bake-houſe.
Acatrie.
Stable.

Sergeants.

Gent. Harbenger.
Wood-yard.
Scullerye.
Paſtrye.
Catetye.
Larder.
Ewerie.
Seller.
Pantrie.
Bake-houſe.

M. Cooke of the Kitchin.
Clarkes of the Querrie.
Second clarke of the Chaũdry.
Third Clark of the Chaundry.
Second Clark of the Kitchin.
Third Clark of the Kitchin.
Super-viſors of the Dreſſer.
Surueyer of the Dreſſer for the Chamber.

Chamber.
Muſitians.
Apothicaries.
Chirurgians.
Sewers of the Hall.
Marſhall of the Hall.
Sewers of the Chamber.
Groom-Porter.

Gent. Vſhers quarter wayters
Clarke.
Marſhall.
Auenor.
Chiefe Clark of the wardrobe
Chiefe Clark of the Kitchin.
Two Clarkes Controllers.
Clarkes of the Green-cloth.
M. of the Houſholde.
M. Cofferer.

Rouge Dragon.

A Sergeant at Armes.
The Banner of *Cheſter.*
Clarkes of the Counſell.
Clarkes of the priuie Seale.
Clarkes of the Signet.
Clarkes of the Parliament.
Doctors of Phiſicke.
Q. Chaplaines.

Secretaries, for the Latine, French, & Italian tongues.

Rouge-Croſſe.

Two Sergeants at Armes.
The Banner of *Cornwall.*
Aldermen of London.
Soliciter.
Attourney.
Sergeants at Law.
M. of the Reuels.
M. of the Tents.
Knights, bachelers.
Lord cheiſe Baron.
Lord Cheiſe Iuſtice, of the Common Plees.
M. of the Iewell-houſe.
Knights.
Embaſſadours.
Gentlemen Agents.
Sewers for the Queene.
Sewers for the bodye.
Eſquires of the bodye.
Gent. of the priuye Chamber.
Gentlemen Pencioners, holding their Pol-axes heades downe-wards, couered all with blacke.

Heere Reader ſtaye: if thou aske me why,
'Tis to intreate thee beare them company.
But if th' high ſpirit cannot weepe ſo lowe,
Weepe with theſe flowers of honour that drooping goe.

Lanca-

Lancaster.

The Banner of *Wales.*
Lord Mayor.
Sir Iohn Popham.
Sir Iohn Forteſcue.
Sir Robert Cicill, Principall Secretarie.
Controller of the houſholde.
Treaſurer of the houſholde.
Maſters of Requeſts.
Agents for Venice and for the Eſtates.

Windſor.

The Banner of *Ireland.*
Barons.
Biſhops.
Eries eldeſt ſonnes.
Viſcounts.

Dukes ſecond ſonnes.
Erles.
Marqueſſes.
Biſhop Almner.
Lord Keeper.
Arch Biſhop of Canterburie.
French Embaſſadour.
Foure Sergeants at Armes.
The great imbrodered Banner of *England.*
Somerſet & *Richmond.*

Yorke, Helme & Creſt.

Cheſter, Target.

Norrey, K. at Armes. Swoord.

Clarenciaux, K. at Armes. Cote.

Art thou yet dry, as if thou hadſt not wept?
Reade further then, and thou wilt ſorrow teare.
But hadſt thou ſeene her figure as ſhe ſlept,
In memorie, thou would'ſt her ſemblance weare.
Whoſe deere remembrance would ſo touch thy minde,
That in thy paſſion thou no meane could'ſt finde.

The liuely piſure of her Maieſties whole body in her Parliament robes with a Crowne on her head, and a Scepter in her hand, lying on the corpes inſhrin'd in leade, and balmed couered with Purple-veluet: borne in a Charriot drawne by foure Horſes trapt in Blacke-veluet.

Gentlemē Vshers, with white rodds.
On Each side the *Corps*, 6. Banerols, caryed by 12. Noble-men.
Six Earles assistants.
Footemen.
The Earle of *Worcester* maister of the horse, leading the Palfrey of Honour.
Two Esquiers and a groome to attend & leade him away.
Gentleman vsher.

Garter K. at Armes.

Lady Marquesse, chiefe mourner her traine supported by maister Vicechamberlaine.
Two Earles assistants to her.
14. Countesses assistants.
Countesses.
Viscountesses.
Earles daughters.
Baroneisses.
Maides of honour of the priuie Chamber.
Captaine of the Guard, with all the Guard following, fiue, & fiue in a ranke, holding their Holberds downeward.

Loe heere are all that in blacke weedes do mourne,
And now me thinkes I see thy count'nance turne:
What trill thy teares? nay (Reader) then adon
The firmament containes but one cleere Sun.
And since that Delia is from hence bereuen,
We haue another Sun ordein'd by heauen.
God graunt his vertues may so glorious shine,
That after death he may be crown'd diuine. Amen.

Viuat *Iacobus: Angliæ, Scotiæ,*
Frauncie et Hiberniæ Rex.

FINIS.